

Our Boys and Girls

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

By Emma C. Dowd.

Dorothy's cousin Katharine had come to Gay Harbor for a year. She was going to begin school tomorrow, and the two were talking over things.

"There's one girl you won't like," said Dorothy, "and that's Jude Clark. She bosses everything—and everybody."

"The teacher?" queried Katharine.

"No," Dorothy laughed, "but she'd like to."

"I don't think she'll boss me," returned Katharine, slowly.

"Oh, she will! You're so quiet, she'll be sure to order you around the first thing, just as she does Hattie Sieps. You see, she knows more than anybody else, she's the head of every class, and so she lords it over us—oh, you'll see! Dick calls her 'a regular tearer.'"

"Isn't she pleasant?"

"Pleasant enough, oh, yes! She'd be real nice if she didn't want to boss everybody."

When Katharine entered the schoolroom with her cousin she found herself face to face with a black-eyed girl somewhat taller than she.

"Hello!" said the girl. "What's your name?"

The newcomer looked straight into the snapping eyes and answered:

"Katharine Ingersoll Northcote Gilbert."

"Oh, me!" cried the other. "What a name! Doesn't it tire you to carry it around?"

"It hasn't so far," Katharine replied, smiling.

"Well, it ought to—Katharine Ingersoll Northcote Gilbert! What do they call you—Kitty?"

"No, Katharine."

"I'm going to call you Kitty—Katharine is too long."

The stranger smiled. "You might just put my initials together, if you want something short."

"K-I-N-G—why—ee! I guess, after all, you'd better be Katharine. I'm Judith myself. Now, remember," turning to the other, "you're not to call me anything else after this!" Then, "What do you know?" returning to Katharine.

"I know the multiplication table," answered Katharine, promptly.

"Say it!"

Katharine did, from "two times one" to "twelve times twelve," glibly, smoothly, and without break or blunder.

"Oh, me!" muttered Judith Clark, while her eyes sparkled her praise. "What else do you know?"

"I know the prepositions," replied Katharine.

"Say them," commanded Judith.

Katharine began quietly, "Aboard, about, above, according to," going straight forward without hesitation until she had named the entire sixty-five.

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" exclaimed Judith, under her breath. "I couldn't do it to save my life." Then aloud: "Do you know any poetry?"

"Yes," answered Katharine.

"Repeat some!" ordered Judith.

In a clear voice Katharine recited Mr. Whitier's beautiful poem of "Barbara Frietchie," and it went along with a dash that quite aston-

ished Dorothy. Her cousin had seemed so quiet, and here she was eclipsing Judith in everything.

The speaking ended just as the bell struck for order.

"Thank you," Judith said, softly, and then she went soberly to her seat. She studied hard that morning. For the first time in weeks the teacher did not have to reprimand her for some mischievous prank. Hitherto she had kept at the head of her classes with little effort, and much of her time had been spent in play. Now she saw that she must study if she would "keep up" with the new scholar, and she went straight to work.

"You have done beautifully today," the teacher told her at night.

"You ought to thank K-I-N-G for it," returned Judith, her eyes a-twinkle.

"Thank whom?"

Judith couldn't help laughing to see the teacher's puzzled face.

"That is only the short for Katharine Ingersoll Northcote Gilbert," she exclaimed.

Miss Garton laughed, too, saying: "I hope you and Katharine will be friends."

"We are now," declared Judith.

They were, and the new scholar's gentle ways were so attractive that Judith began to borrow the gentleness for herself, and "I'm glad she came," was her secret acknowledgment.—Zion's Herald.

DILLY.

By Alice E. Allen.

Such a bit of a girl was altogether too small for grandma's quaint old Quaker name, Dilligence.

She and mother and little Don had all been invited to spend vacation with Grandma Dilligence. Then Don was not well.

"Dilly," exclaimed mother, suddenly, "there's no reason why you shouldn't go by yourself. You know what train to take as well as mother does. And grandpa will meet you."

"Oh, mother," said Dilly, "could I really—truly go? Without you?"

"Of course," said mother. "Don's all right now. And you're a big girl. Run along quick and get ready. Mother'll pack your satchel."

Dilly fairly danced into her dainty little clothes. "There will be turkey, you know," she said to herself, "and maybe plum pudding. And anyway there'll be ice cream."

At last Dilly was ready. Then she kissed mother. "I wish you were going, too," she said a little wistfully. "Maybe grandma and grandpa won't be glad to see just me."

"Oh, but they will be, little daughter," said mother. "Now run along. There's just a half-hour to train time. Be sure to have grandpa or some one put you on the right train Friday. Or stay over Sabbath, if you like, Dilly. We'll be all right."

"I'll see, mother," said Dilly, feeling very important. "Good-bye." The door banged gayly. Dilly was off.

From the window mother and Don watched her. "Why, she's coming back!" exclaimed mother. "Forgotten something, Dilly?"

"I didn't tell Tinker I was going," said Dilly, "and he might feel hurt. Good-bye, Tinker," she cooed to the big, sleepy yellow cat in the chair. "I'm so sorry I can't take

you. But you see there's Duke. And some ways dogs don't like you."

"Run along, dear," said mother.

"There's time to kiss Don again," said Dilly, hugging him. "And you, too, mother. Are you almost quite sure you can spare me?"

"Oh, yes, Dilly," said mother, cheerily. "Now be off."

"She's coming back—Dilly is," said Don the next minute.

"I just came back to say," panted Dilly, "I think—I won't—stay over Sabbath."

"Just as you like, Dilly," said mother.

"You might miss me, you know, mother." Dilly's hand was on the doorknob.

"Of course, mother'll miss you," said mother, smilingly; "but she'll think what a good time you're having. Now, Dilly, do run along. And, when you get to the corner, if there isn't much time, you better take a car."

"Good-bye, mother," called Dilly. Then she went slowly down the walk. She turned and blew a kiss to Don.

Out of sight of home Dilly's run became a hippity hop. Her hippity hop became a walk. At the first corner she paused.

"Mother's going to miss you awfully," said a little thought.

Just as that thought spoke, Dilly came to the corner. She looked at the big clock. "I've ten minutes yet," she said. "I guess I won't take a car."

It was a long street, and some way Dilly couldn't hurry. Her thoughts talked among themselves. "Who'll do the errands?" said one, anxiously. "But there'll be turkey, you know," suggested another, "and the loveliest ice cream and little nut cakes."

"Who'll 'muse Don, I'd just like to know?" asked a thought. "But you'll have the wish-bone," said another, gayly, "'cause you'll be the littlest girl there."

"It will be only today and tomorrow," said a thought 'way in the back part of Dilly's head, "then you'll be coming back."

"But there'll be two whole long nights," said another very loud.

Dilly's feet came to a sudden stop. She looked in at the window of the big candy store. Afterward the sight of that window made a queer burning in her eyes and a queer smarting in her throat.

"If you don't hurry you'll miss the train," said a big thought.

That started Dilly along. But her feet went more and more slowly. Cars whizzed by, gongs clanging. Hacks rattled past. People with satchels jostled her. Dilly had a queer, breathless feeling. The satchel was heavy. She sat it down. She leaned against a doorway to rest. Then a thought, which had been trying to get a word in for ever so long, spoke right out. "Why not miss the train?" it said boldly.

Dilly picked up the satchel. She took as many as ten quick steps. Then she began to lag again. Slower—slower—slower, her feet dragged heavily along. Sometimes they scarcely went at all. You wouldn't believe such speedy little feet could go so slowly and stumblingly. Then suddenly, across the clear frosty air, came a long, shrill whistle, a deafening rush and roar. The train was coming.

"Run!" called several thoughts. But Dilly walked slowly along. Grasping her satchel tight, she went into the waiting room.

A string of people hurried through the gate. They were coming in, not going out.

Dilly took a long breath. "Please," she said to the man at the gate, "has my train gone?"

Every one knew Dilly. "Just gone, Dilly,"